

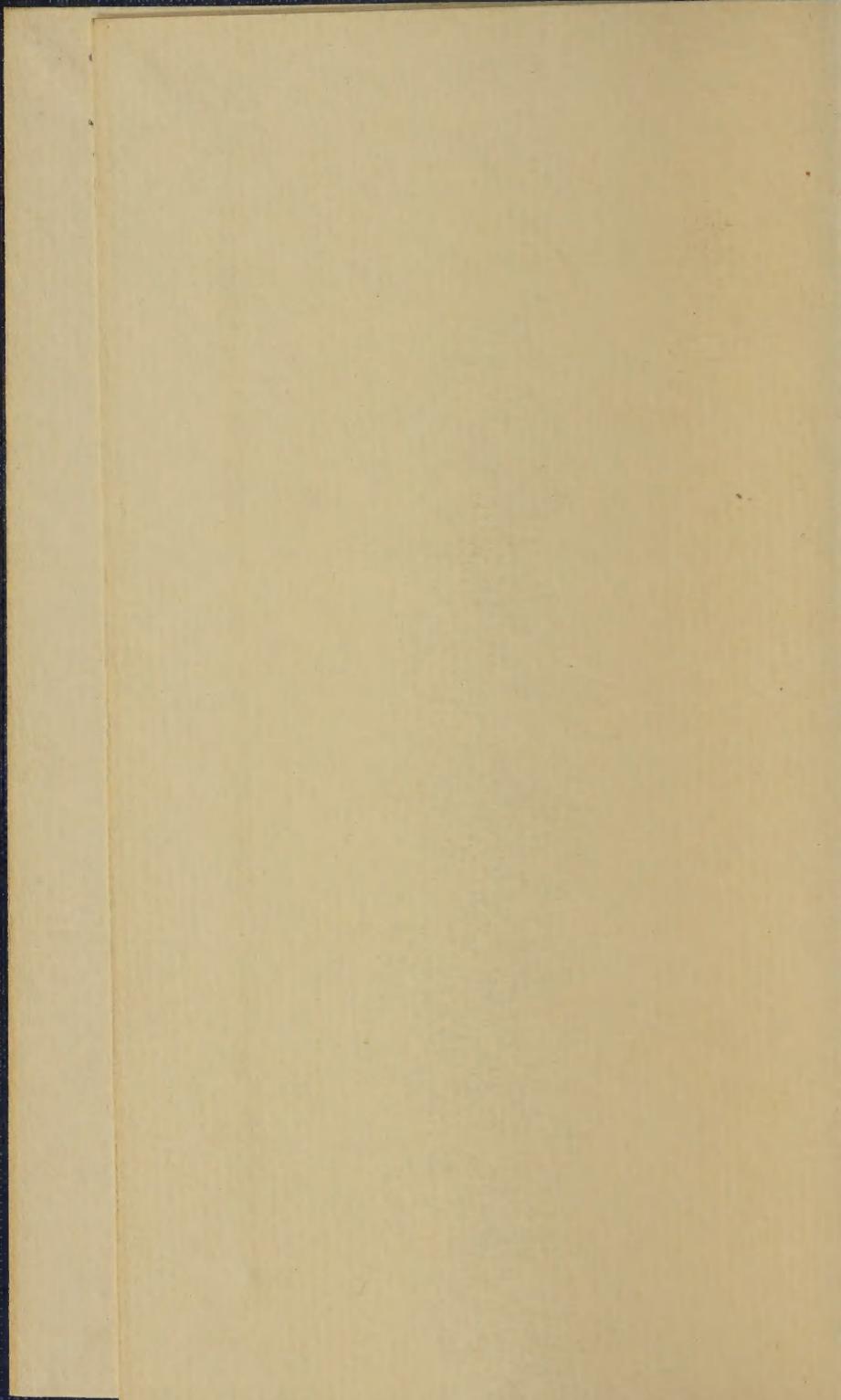
RURAL TALES - BLOOMFIELD - BALTIMORE, 1802







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RURAL TALES,

&c.—&c.

BY

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

AUTHOR OF

THE FARMER'S BOY.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

NOT PUBLISHED IN ANY OTHER EDITION.

Baltimore:

PRINTED BY AND FOR SAMUEL SOWER,
AND THOMAS, ANDREWS AND BUTLER.

1802.

P R E F A C E.

THE Poems here offered to the public were chiefly written during the interval between the concluding, and the publishing of the Farmer's Boy," an interval of nearly two years. The pieces of a later date are, "*the Widow to her Hour-Glass, The Fakenham Ghost, Walter and Jane,*," &c. At the time of publishing the Farmer's Boy, circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary to submit these poems to the perusal of my Friends :* under whose approbation I now give them, with some confidence as to their moral merit, to the judgment of the public. And as they treat of vil-

* I have annexed the opinion of Mr. C. LOFT, or some other Friend, at the conclusion of each piece.

lage manners, and rural scenes, it appears to me not ill-tim'd to avow, that I have hopes of meeting in some degree the approbation of my Country. I was not prepar'd for the decided, and I may surely say extraordinary attention which The Public has shewn towards the Farmer's Boy: the consequence has been such as my true friends will rejoice to hear; it has produc'd me many essential blessings. And I feel peculiarly gratified in finding that a poor man in England may assert the dignity of Virtue, and speak of the imperishable beauties of Nature, and be heard, and heard perhaps, with greater attention for his being poor.

W H O E V E R thinks of me or my concerns, must necessarily indulge the pleasing idea of gratitude, and join a thought of my first great friend Mr. Loft. And on this head, I be-

P R E F A C E.

lieve every reader, who has himself any feeling, will judge rightly of mine: if otherwise I would much rather he would lay down this volume, and grasp hold of such fleeting pleasures as the world's business may afford him. I speak not of that gentleman as a public character, or as a scholar. Of the former I know but little, and of the latter nothing. But I know from experience, and I glory in this fair opportunity of saying it, that his private life is a lesson of morality; his manners gentle, his heart sincere: and I regard it as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life, that my introduction to public notice fell to so zealous and unwearied a friend*.

* I dare not take to myself a praise like this; and yet I was, perhaps, hardly at liberty to disclaim what should be mine and the endeavour of every one to deserve. This I can say, that I have reason to rejoice that Mr. *George Bloomfield* introduced *The Farmer's Boy* to me. C. L.

I HAVE received many honourable testimonies of esteem from strangers; letters without a name, but fill'd with the most cordial advice, and almost a parental anxiety, for my safety under so great a share of public applause. I beg to refer such friends to the great teacher Time: and hope that he will hereafter give me my deserts, and no more.

ONE piece in this collection will inform the reader of my most pleasing visit to *Wakefield Lodge*: books, solitude, and objects entirely new, brought pleasures which memory will always cherish. That noble and worthy Family, and all my immediate and unknown Friends, will, I hope, believe the sincerity of my thanks for all their numerous favours, and candidly judge the poems before them.

R. BLOOMFIELD.

SEPT. 29. 1801.

P. S. SINCE affixing the above date, an event of much greater importance than any to which I have been witness, has taken place, to the universal joy (it is to be hoped) of every inhabitant of Europe. My portion of joy shall be expressed while it is warm. And the reader will do sufficient justice, if he only believes it to be sincere.

OCTOBER 10.

P E A C E.

HALT! ye Legions, sheath your Steel :
Blood grows precious ; shed no more :
Cease your toils ; your wounds to heal
Lo ! beams of Mercy reach the shore !
From Realms of everlasting light
The favour'd guest of Heaven is come :
Prostrate your Banners at the sight,
And bear the glorious tidings home.

The plunging corpse with half clos'd eyes,
No more shall stain th' unconscious brine ;
Yon pendant gay, that streaming flies,
Around its idle Staff shall twine.

Behold ! along th' ethereal sky
Her beams o'er conquering Navies spread ;
Peace ! Peace ! the leaping Sailors cry,
With shouts that might arouse the dead.

Then forth Britannia's thunder pours ;
A vast reiterated sound !
From Line to Line the Cannon roars,
And spreads the blazing joy around.
Return, ye brave ! your Country calls ;
Return ; return, your task is done :
While here the tear of transport falls,
To grace your Laurels nobly won.

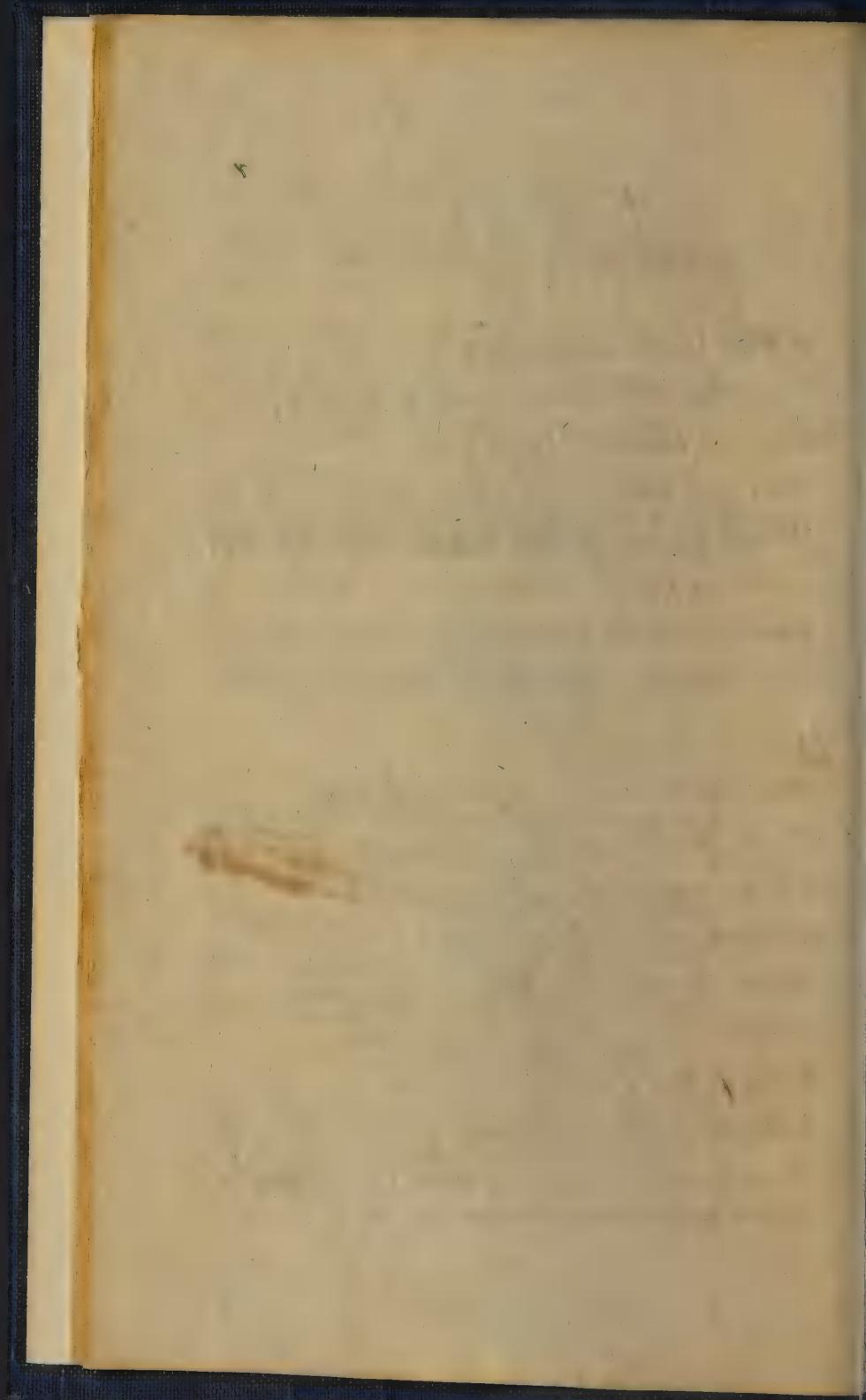
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Albion Cliffs—from age to age,
That bear the roaring storms of Heav'n,
Did ever fiercer Warfare rage,
Was ever Peace more timely given?
Wake! sounds of Joy: rouse, generous Isle;
Let every patriot bosom glow.
Beauty, resume thy wonted smile,
And, Poverty, thy cheerful brow.

5

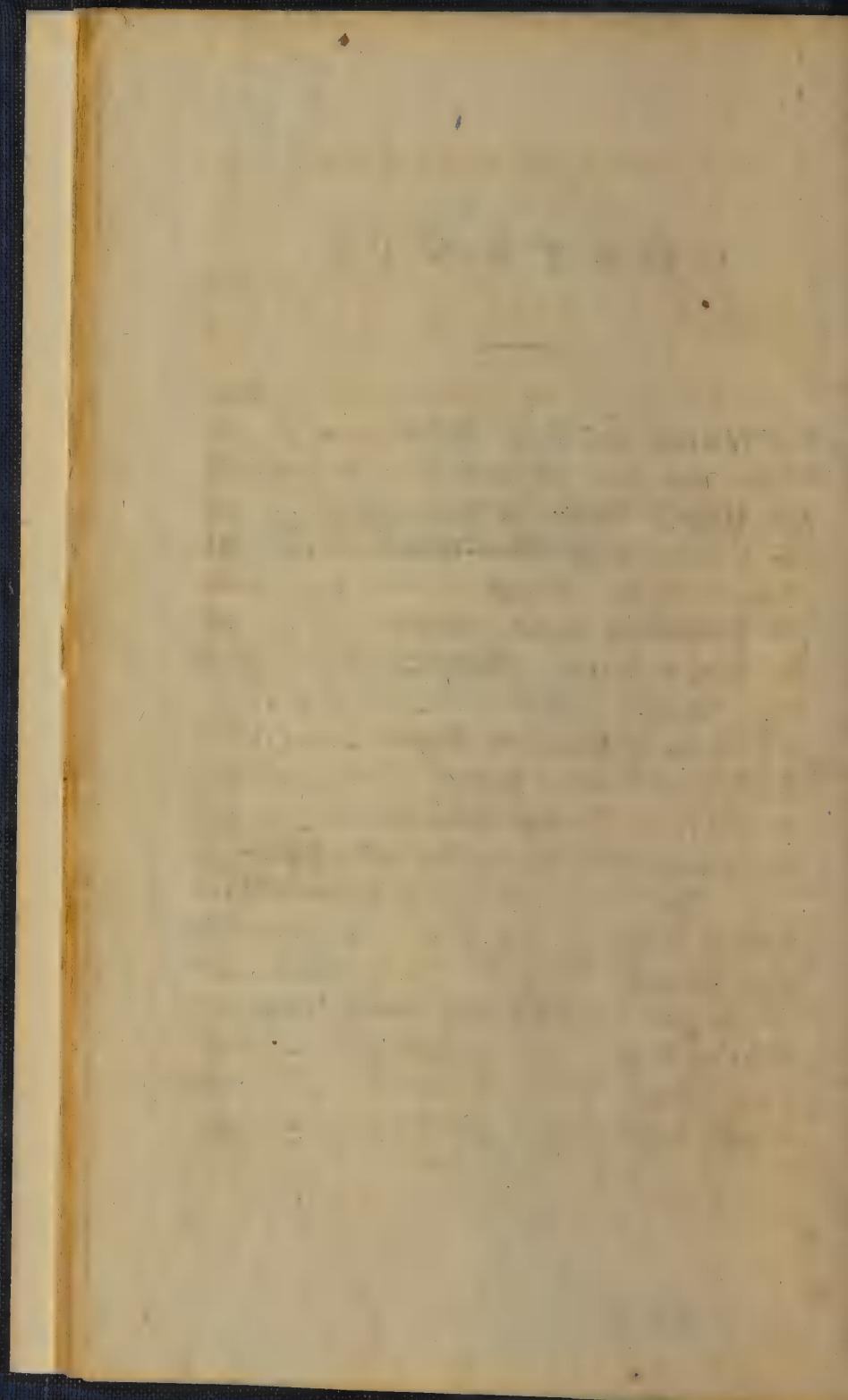
Boast, Britain, of thy glorious Guests;
Peace, Wealth, and Commerce, all thine own;
Still on contended Labour rests
The basis of a lasting Throne.
Shout, Poverty! 'tis Heaven that saves;
Protected Wealth, the chorus raise,
Ruler of War, of Winds, and Waves,
Accept a prostrate Nation's praise *.

* A most animated and pleasing Ode on an event most desirable to Britain, France, and Mankind. C. L.



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THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was the youngest offspring of George Bloomfield, a taylor, and his wife Elizabeth, a school mistress, in the village of Honington, in the hundred of Blackbourn, eight miles to the north-east of St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk, and was born on the 3d of December 1776.

BEFORE Robert was a twelvemonth old, his father died, leaving his widow encumbered with six children. With the help of friends, she managed to give each of them a little education: two or three months instruction in writing, however from Mr. Rodwell, of Ixworth, was all the scholastic accomplishment that Robert ever obtained.

AT about eleven years of age, the late Mr. W. Austin, a farmer of Sapiston, who was married to the sister of Bloomfield's mother, took him into his house, and employed him:

in his farmery ; but, after some time, finding him so small of his age as not to be likely to get his living by the hard labour necessary in that occupation, he signified the same to his mother ; who, having re-married and got a second young family to attend to, wrote immediately to two of his elder brothers, George and Nathaniel (then settled in London), for their advice and assistance : when the former readily offered to teach him to make shoes, and the latter undertook to clothe him. The mother came to London accordingly, and placed Robert in the care of his brother George, charging the latter, “*as he valued a mother's blessing to watch over him, to set good examples before him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.*”

“ It is customary (says Mr. George Bloomfield, who at that time lived at No. 7, Fisher's-court Bell-alley, Coleman-street), in such houses as are let to poor people in London, to have light garrets fit for mechanics to work in. In the garret, where we had two turn-up beds, and five of us worked, I received little Robert.

“ As we were all single men, lodgers at a shilling per week each, our beds were coarse, and

all things far from being clean and snug, like what Robert had left at Sapiston. Robert was our man, to fetch all things to hand. At noon he fetched our dinner from the cook's shop: and any one of our fellow-workmen that wanted to have any thing fetched in, would send him, and assist in his work and teach him as a recompence for his trouble.

“ Every day when the boy from the public-house came for the pewter-pots, and to hear what porter was wanted, he always brought the yesterday's *news-paper*. The *reading* of the paper we had been used to take by turns; but after Robert came, he mostly read for us,— because his time was of least value.

“ He frequently met with words that he was unacquainted with: of this he often complained. I one day happened at a book stall to see a small *Dictionary*, which had been very ill used. I bought it for him for fourpence. By the help of this, he in a little time could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, or North.

“ One Sunday, after a whole day's stroll in the country, we by accident went into a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry,

where a gentleman was lecturing. This man filled little Robert with astonishment. The house was amazingly crowded with the most genteel people; and though we were forced to stand still in the aisle, and were much pressed, yet Robert always quickened his steps to get into the town on a Sunday evening soon enough to attend this Lecture.

“The Preacher lived somewhere at the west end of the town—his name was Fawcet. His language was just such as the *Rambler* is written in; his action like a person acting a Tragedy; his discourse rational, and free from the cant of Methodism.

“Of him Robert learned to accent what he called *hard* words; and otherwise improved himself; and gained the most enlarged notions of Providence,

“He went sometimes with me to a *Debating Society* at *Coachmaker's Hall*, but not often; and a few times to *Covent Garden Theatre*. These are all the oportunities he had to learn from public speakers. As to *Books*, he had to wade through two or three folios: an *History of England*, *British traveller*, and a *Geography*. But he always read them as a

task, or to oblige us who bought them. And as they came in sixpenny numbers weekly, he had about as many hours to read as other boys spend in play.

“I at this time read the *London Magazine*; and in that work two sheets were set apart for a *Review*. Robert seemed always eager to read this review, Here he could see what the literary men were doing, and learn how to judge of the merit of the works that came out. And I observed that he always looked at the *Poet's Corner*. And one day he repeated a *Song* which he composed to an old tune. I was much surprised that a boy of sixteen should make so smooth verses: so I pursued him to try whether the Editor of our Paper would give them a place in *Poet's Corner*. And he succeeded, and they were printed.

“I remember a little piece which he called *The Sailor's Return*, in which he tried to describe the feelings of an honest *Tar*, who, after a long absence, saw his dear native village first rising into view. This too obtained a place in the *Poet's Corner*.

“ And as he was so young, it shews some genius in him, and some industry, to have acquired so much knowledge of the use of words in so little time. In deed, at this time myself and my fellow-workmen in the garret began to get instructions from him, though not more than sixteen years old.

“ About this time, there came a man to lodge at our lodgings that was troubled with fits. Robert was so much hurt to see this poor creature drawn into such frightful forms, and to hear his horrid screams, that I was forced to leave the lodging. We went to Blue Hart-court, Bell alley. In our new garret we found a singular character, James Kay, a native of Dundee. He was a middle-aged man, of a good understanding, and yet a furious Calvinist. He had many books—and some which he did not value: such as the *Seasons*, *Paradise Lost*, and some *Novels*. These books he lent to Robert; who spent all his leisure hours in reading the *Seasons*, which he was now capable of reading. I never heard him give so much praise to any book as to that.

“ I think it was in the year 1784 that the question came to be decided between the jour-

neymen Shoemakers, whether those who had learned without serving an apprenticeship could follow the trade.

“The man by whom Robert and I were employed, Mr Chamberlayne, of Cheapside, took an active part against the lawful journeymen; and even went so far as to pay off every man that worked for him that had joined their clubs. This so exasperated the men, that their acting Committee soon looked for unlawful men (as they called them) among Chamberlayne’s workmen.

[They found out little Robert, and threatened to prosecute Chamberlayne for employing him, and to prosecute his brother, Mr. G. Bloomfield, for teaching him. Chamberlayne requested of the brother to go on and bring it to a trial; for that he would defend it; and that neither George nor Robert should be hurt.]

“Robert, naturally fond of peace, and fearful for my personal safety, begged to be suffered to retire from the storm.

“He came home; and Mr. Austin kindly bade him take his house for his home till he could return to me. And here, with his mind

glowing with the fine descriptions of rural scenery which he found in Thomson's *Seasons* he again retraced the very fields where first he began to think. Here, free from the smoke, the noise, the contention of the city, he imbibed that love of rural simplicity and rural innocence which fitted him, in a great degree, to be the writer of such a thing as *The Farmer's Boy*.

"Here he lived two months:—at length, as the dispute in the trade still remained undecided, Mr. Dudbridge offered to take Robert apprentice, to secure him, at all events, from any consequences of the litigation. [He was accordingly bound.]

"When I left London he was turned of eighteen; and much of my happiness since has arisen from a constant correspondence which I have held with him.

"After I left him he studied *music*, and was a good player on the violin.

"But as my brother Nat had married a Woolwich woman, it happened that Robert took a fancy to a comely young woman of that town, whose father is a boat-builder in

the Government yard there. His name is Church.

"Soon after he married, Robert told me, in a letter, "he had sold his fiddle and got a wife." Like most poor men, he got a wife first and had to get house-hold stuff afterward. It took him some years to get out of ready-furnished lodgings. At length, by hard working, &c. he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of stairs at 14, Bell alley, Coleman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in the light *garret*, two pair of stairs higher.

"In *this* garret, amidst six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing *the Farmer's Boy*."

The MS. when completed, was put into the hands of Capel Loft, Esq. of Troston, near Bury St. Edmund's, who benevolently revised it, superintended its progress through the press, and prefixed to it an ample biographical and critical memoir, from which we have above selected such passages only as are given in the words of George Bloomfield; for Mr. L.'s remarks we must refer the reader to the work itself, which has already passed

through several editions in 4to. 8vo. and 12mo.

Respecting this admirable Poem, an anecdote has been related in a cotemporary publication by a Mr. Swan, who had been in company with Bloomfield, and communicated the following, with other particulars, in a letter to Mr. Loftt:

“ Among other subjects of conversation with respect to *The Farmer's Boy*, I wished to be informed of his manner of composition. I enquired, as he composed it in a garret, amidst the bustle and noise of six or seven fellow workmen, whether he used a slate, or wrote it on paper with a pencil, or pen and ink; but what was my surprise when he told me, that he had used neither!—My business, during the greatest part of my life, having led me into the line of literary pursuits, and made me acquainted with literary men, I am consequently pretty well informed of the methods used by authors for the retention of their productions. We are told, if my recollection is just, that Milton, when blind, took his daughters as his amanuenses; that Savage, when his poverty precluded him from the conveni-

ency of pen, ink, and paper, used to study in the streets, and go into shops, to record the productions of his fertile genius; that Pope, when on visits at Lord Bolingbroke's, used to ring up the servants at any hour in the night, for pen and ink, to write any thought that struck his lively and wakeful imagination; that Dr. Blacklock, though blind, had the happy facility of writing down, in a very legible hand, the chaste and elegant productions of his Muse. With these, and many other methods of composition, we are acquainted; but that of a great part of *The Farmer's Boy*, in my opinion, stands first on the list of literary phenomena—Sir, Mr. Bloomfield, either from the contracted state of his pecuniary resources to purchase paper, or for many reasons, composed the latter part of his Autumn, and the whole of his Winter, in his head, without committing one line to paper!—This cannot fail to surprise the literary world, who are well acquainted with the treacherousness of memory, and how soon the most happy ideas, for want of sufficient quickness in noteing down, are lost in the rapidity of thought!

“ But this is not all—he went still a step farther: —he not only composed and committed that part of his work to his faithful and retentive memory, but he corrected it all in his head !!!—and, as he said, when it was thus prepared—“ I had nothing to do but to write it down!”—By this new and wonderful mode of composition, he studied and completed his *Farmer's Boy* in a garret, among six or seven of his fellow-workmen, without their ever once suspecting or knowing any thing of the matter!”

Bloomfield's character as a Christian, a husband, and a parent, is represented to us as bearing a due proportion to his merit as a poet: and we shall conclude this account with expressing our sincere hope, that throughout life he may resist the temptations and avoid the dangers that have so often proved fatal to untutored genius.

RICHARD AND KATE

OR,

FAIR-DAY,

A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

‘COME, Goody, stop your humdrum wheel,
‘Sweep up your orts, and get your Hat;
‘Old joys reviv’d once more I feel,
‘Tis Fair-day;—ay, and more than that,

2

‘Have you forgot, KATE, prithee say,
‘How many Seasons here we’ve tarry’d?
‘Tis *Forty* years, this very day,
‘Since you and I, old Girl, were *married*!

B

14 RICHARD AND KATE.

The Deliberation.

3

‘Look out;—the Sun shines warm and bright,
‘The Stiles are low, the paths all dry;
‘I know you cut your corns last night:
‘Come; be as free from care as I.

4

‘For I’m resolved once more to see
‘That place where we so often met;
‘Though few have had more cares than we,
‘We’ve none just now to make us fret.’

5

KATE scorn’d to damp the generous flame
That warm’d her aged Partner’s breast;
Yet, ere determination came,
She thus some trifling doubts express’d.

Difficulties—Consent.

6

‘ Night will come on ; when seated snug,
‘ And you’ve perhaps begun some tale,
‘ Can you then leave your dear stone mug ;
‘ Leave all the folks, and all the Ale ?

7

‘ Ay KATE, I wool ;—because I know,
‘ Though time has been we both could run,
‘ Such days are gone and over now ;—
‘ I only mean to see the fun. ’

8

She straight slipp’d off the Wall, and Band*,
And laid aside her Lucks and Twitches* :
And to the Hutch† she reach’d her hand,
And gave him out his Sunday Breeches.

• • Terms used in spinning. † Hutch, a chest.

The Walk to the Fair:

9

His Mattock he behind the door
And Hedging-gloves again replac'd;
And look'd across the yellow Moor,
And urg'd his tott'ring Spouse to haste.

10

The day was up, the air serene,
The Firmament without a cloud;
The Bee humm'd o'er the level green
Where knots of trembling Cowslips bow'd.

11

And RICHARD thus, with heart elate,
As pass'd things rush'd across his mind,
Over his shoulder talk'd to KATE,
Who snug tuckt up, walk'd slow behind.

Discourse on past Days.

12

‘When once a giggling Mawther you,
‘And I a redfac’d chubby Boy,
‘Sly tricks you play’d me not a few;
‘For mischief was your greatest joy.’

13

‘Once, passing by this very Tree,
‘A Gotch* of Milk I’d been to fill,
‘You shoulder’d me; then laugh’d to see
‘Me and my Gotch spin down the Hill.’

14

‘Tis true,’ she said; ‘But here behold,
‘And marvel at the course of Time;
‘Though you and I are both grown old,
‘This Tree is only in its prime!’

* A pitcher.

The Arrival.

15

‘Well, Goody, don’t stand preaching now;
‘Folks don’t preach Sermons at a FAIR;
‘We’ve rear’d Ten *Boys* and *Girls* you know;
‘And I’ll be bound they’ll all be there.’

16

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,
From many a kind *Fair-going* face:
And many a pinch KATE gave away,
While RICHARD kept his usual pace.

17

At length arriv’d amidst the throng,
Grand-children bawling hem’d them round;
And dragg’d them by the skirts along
Where gingerbread bestrew’d the ground.

18

And soon the aged couple spy'd
Their lusty *Sons* and *Daughters* dear:—
When RICHARD thus exulting cried,
'Did'nt I tell you they'd be here?'

19

The cordial greetings of the soul
Were visible in every face;
Affection, void of all controul,
Govern'd with a resistless grace.

20

'Twas good to see the honest strife,
Which should contribute most to please;
And hear the long-recounted life,
Of infant tricks, and happy days.

20. RICHARD AND KATE.

Recollections.

21

But now, as at some nobler places,
Amongst the Leaders 'twas decreed
Time to begin the DICKY RACES;
More fam'd for laughter than for speed.

22

RICHARD look'd on with wond'rous glee,
And prais'd the Lad who chanc'd to win;
'KATE, wa'nt I such a one as he?
'As like him, ay, as pin to pin?'

23

'Full *Fifty* years are pass'd away
'Since I rode this same ground about:
'Lord! I was lively as the day!
'I won the High-lows out and out!

The Departure.

24

‘I’m surely growing young again :
‘I feel myself so kedge and plump.
‘From head to foot I’ve not one pain ;
‘Nay, hang me if I cou’d ’nt jump.’

25

Thus spoke the ALE in RICHARD’s pate,
A very little made him mellow ;
But still he lov’d his faithful KATE,
Who whisper’d thus, ‘My good old fellow,

26

‘Remember what you promis’d me :
‘And see, the Sun is getting low ;
‘The Children want an hour ye see
‘To talk a bit before we go.’

C

Parental and Filial Feelings.

27

Like youthful Lover most complying
He turn'd, and chuckt her by the chin :
Then all across the green grass hieing,
Right merry faces, all akin.

28

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree
That droop'd its branches from above ;
Awak'd the pure felicity
That waits upon PARENTAL LOVE.

29

KATE view'd her blooming Daughters round,
And Sons, who shook her wither'd hand :
Her features spoke what joy she found ;
But utterance had made a stand.

An old Man's Joy.

30

The Children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their *fairings* down the hill ;
Richard with pride beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life sit still.

31

A father's uncheck'd feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said ;
' My Boys how proud am I to have
' My name thus round the Country spread !

32

' Through all my days I've labour'd hard,
' And could of pains and Crosses tell ;
' But this is Labour's great reward,
To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

Old Man's Joy continued.

33

‘ My good old Partner, when at home,
‘ Sometimes with wishes mingles tears ;
‘ Goody, says I, let what wool come,
‘ We’ve nothing for them but our pray’rs.

34

‘ May you be all as old as I,
‘ And see your Sons to manhood grow :
‘ And many a time before you die,
‘ Be just as pleas’d as I am now.’

35

Then, (raising still his Mug and Voice)
‘ An Old Man’s weakness don’t despise !
‘ I love you well, my Girls and Boys ;
‘ God bless you all ; ’...so said his eyes—

The Return home.

36

For, as he spoke, a big round drop
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve ;
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe.

37

Thou, **FILIAL PIETY**, wert there ;
And round the ring, benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,
And in the parting word—*Good Night.*

38

With thankful Hearts and strengthen'd Love,
The poor old **PAIR**, supremely blest,
Saw the Sun sink behind the grove,
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.

I do not wonder that one of the first men of the age for strength and compass of mind, for taste, variety of information, high and amiable qualities, a man generally admir'd and respected, and belov'd, even in times like these, has express'd the most particular satisfaction in this simple, characteristic, and most engaging Tale. C. L.

April 1800.

WALTER AND JANE:

OR,

THE POOR BLACKSMITH.

A COUNTRY TALE.

BRIGHT was the summer sky, the Mornings
gay,

And Jane was young and cheerful as the day.
Not yet to Love but Mirth she paid her vows;
And Echo mock'd her as she call'd her cows.
Tufts of green Broom, that full in blössom
vied,
And grac'd with spotted gold the upland
side,

Jane.

The level fogs o'erlook'd; too high to share;
So lovely JANE o'erlook'd the clouds of Care;
No meadow-flow'r rose fresher to the view,
That met her morning footsteps in the dew;
Where, if a nodding stranger ey'd her charms,
The blush of innocence was up in arms,
Love's random glances struck the ungarded
mind,
And Beauty's magic made him look behind.
Duly as morning blush'd or twilight came,
Secure of greeting smiles and Village fame,
She pass'd the Straw-roof'd Shed, in ranges
where
Hung many a well-turn'd Shoe and glitt'ring
Share;
Where WALTER, as the charmer tripp'd
along,
Would stop his roaring Bellows and his song.

The Separation.

Dawn of affection ; Love's delicious sigh !
Caught from the lightnings of a speaking eye,
That leads the heart to rapture or to woe,
'Twas WALTER's fate thy mad'ning power
to know ;

And scarce to know, ere in its infant twine,
As the Blast shakes the tendrils of the Vine,
The budding bliss that full of promise grew
The chillings blight of separation knew.

Scarce had he told his heart's unquiet case,
And JANE to shun him ceas'd to mend her pace,
And learnt to listen trembling as he spoke,
And fondly judge his words beyond a joke ;
When, at the Goal that bounds our prospects

here,

Jane's widow'd Mistress ended her career :
Blessings attended her divided store,
The Mansion sold, (Jane's peaceful home no
more,) D

The Lover's Journey.

A distant Village own'd her for its Queen,
Another service, and another scene;
But could another scene so pleasing prove,
Twelve weary miles from Walter and from
Love?

The maid grew thoughtful: Yet to Fate
resign'd,

Knew not the worth of what she'd left behind.

He, when at Eve releas'd from toil and
heat,

Soon miss'd the smiles that taught his heart
to beat,

Each sabbath-day of late was wont to prove
Hope's liberal feast, the holiday of Love:
But now upon his spirit's ebbing strength
Came each dull hour's intolerable length.

The next had scarcely dawn'd when Walter hied
O'er hill and dale, Affection for his guide:

The last Farewell.

O'er the brown Heath his pathless journey
 lay,
Where screaming Lapwings hail'd the op'ning
 day.

High rose the Sun, the anxious Lover sigh'd ;
His slipp'ry soles bespoke the dew was dried :
Her last farewell hung fondly on his tongue
As o'er the tufted Furze elate he sprung ;
Trifling impediments ; his heart was light,
For Love and Beauty glow'd in fancy's sight ;
And soon he gaz'd on Jane's enchanting face,
Renew'd his passion, but, destroy'd his peace.
Truth, at whose shrine he bow'd, inflicted
 pain ;

And Conscience whisper'd, "*never come
again.*"

For now, his tide of gladness to oppose,
A clay-cold damp of doubts and fears arose ;

Self-Denial.

Clouds, which involve, midst Love and Reason's strife,

The poor man's prospect when he takes a wife.
Though gay his journeys in the Summer's prime,

Each seem'd the repetition of a crime;
He never left her but with many a sigh,
When tears stole down his face, she knew not
why.

Severe his task those visits to forego,
And feed his heart with voluntary woe,
Yet this he did; the wan Moon circling found
His evenings cheerless, and his rest unsound;
And saw th' unquench'd flame his bosom
swell:

What where his doubts, thus let the Story tell.
A month's sharp conflict only serv'd to
prove

The pow'r, as well as truth, of Walter's love.

The renewed Journey.

Absence more strongly on his mind portray'd
His own sweet, injur'd, unoffending Maid.
Once more he'd go; full resolute awhile,
But heard his native Bells on every stile;
The sound recall'd him with a pow'rful charm,
The Heath wide opn'd, and the day was warm;
There, where a bed of tempting green he
 found,
Increasing anguish weigh'd him to the ground;
His well-grown limbs the scatter'd Daisies
 press'd,
While his clinch'd hand fell heavy on his breast.
 ‘Why do I go in cruel sport to say,
 ‘I love thee Jane, appoint the happy day?’’
 ‘Why seek her sweet ingenuous reply,
 ‘Then grasp her hand and proffer—poverty?
 ‘Why, if I love her and adore her name,
 ‘Why act like time and sickness on her
 frame?’

Love of Prudence.

‘ Why should my scanty pittance nip her prime,
‘ And chace away the Rose before its time?
‘ I’m young ’tis true; the world beholds me free;
‘ Labour ne’er show’d a frightful face to me;
‘ Nature’s first wants hard labour *should* supply;
‘ But should it fail, ’twill be too late to fly.
‘ Some Summers hence, if nought our loves annoy,
‘ The image of my Jane may lisp her joy;
‘ Or, blooming boys with imitative swing
‘ May mock my arm, and make the Anvil ring;
‘ Then if in rags.—But, O my heart, forbear;
‘ I love the girl, and why should I despair?
‘ And that I love her all the village knows;
‘ Oft from my pain the mirth of others flows;

Recollections.

- As when a neighbour's Steed with glancing
eye
- Saw his par'd hoof supported on my thigh :
- Jane pass'd that instant ; mischief came of
course ;
- I drove the nail awry and lam'd the Horse ;
- The poor beast limp'd : I bore a Master's
frown,
- A thousand times I wish'd the wound my
own.
- When to these tangling thoughts I've been
resign'd,
- Fury or languor has possess'd my mind,
- All eyes have stared, I've blown a blast so
strong ;
- Forgot to smite at all, or smote too long.
- If at the Ale-house door, with careless glee
- One drinks to Jane, and darts a look on me ;

Recollections continued.

‘ I feel that blush which her dear name will
 bring,
‘ I feel ;—but, guilty Love, ’tis not thy sting !
‘ Yet what are jeers ? the bubbles of an hour ;
‘ Jane knows what Love can do, and feels its
 pow’r ;
‘ In her mild eye fair Truth her meaning tells ;
‘ Tis not in looks like her’s that falsehood
 dwells.
‘ As water shed upon a dusty way
‘ I’ve seen midst downward pebbles devious
 stray ;
‘ If kindred drops an adverse channel keep,
‘ The crystal friends toward each other creep ;
‘ Near, and still nearer, rolls each little tide,
‘ Th’ expanding mirror swells on either side :
‘ They touch—’tis done—receding bound’ries
 fly,
‘ An instantaneous union strikes the eye ;

The Interview.

‘So ’tis with us : for Jane would be my bride ;
‘Shall coward fears then turn the bliss aside ?’

While thus he spoke he heard a gentle sound,
That seem’d a jarring footstep on the ground :
Asham’d of grief, he bade his eyes unclose,
And shook with agitation as he rose ;
All unprepared the sweet surprise to bear,
His heart beat high, for Jane herself was there.

Flush’d was her cheek ; she seem’d the full-
blown flower,
For warmth gave loveliness a double power ;
Round her fair brow the deep confusion ran,
A waving handkerchief became her fan,
Her lips where dwelt sweet love and smiling
ease,
Puff’d gently back the warm assailing breeze.
‘I’ve travell’d all these weary miles with pain,
To see my native Village once again ;

Resentment and Tenderness.

‘ And show my true regard for neighbour *Hind*;
‘ Not like you, Walter, *she* was always kind.
‘ Twas thus, each soft sensation laid aside,
She buoy’d her spirits up with maiden pride;
Disclaim’d her love, e’en while she felt the
sting;
‘ What, come for Walter’s sake! ”Twas no
such thing,
But when astonishment his tongue releas’d,
Pride’s usurpation in an instant ceas’d:
By force he caught her hand as passing by,
And gaz’d upon her half averted eye;
His heart’s distraction, and his boding fears
She heard, and answer’d with a flood of tears;
Precious relief; sure friends that forward press
To tell the mind’s unspeakable distress.
Ye Youths, whom crimson’d health and ge-
nue fire,
Bear joyous on the wings of young desire,

Visit to a Friend.

Ye, who still bow to Love's almighty sway,
What could true passion, what could Walter
say?

Age, tell me true, nor shake your locks in vain,
Tread back your paths, and be in love again;
In your young days did such a favouring hour
Show you the littleness of wealth and pow'r,
Advent'rous climbers of the Mountain's brow,
While Love, their master, spreads his couch
below.

"My dearest Jane," the untaught Walter
cried,

As half repell'd he pleaded by her side;
"My dearest Jane, think of me as you may;"
Thus—still unutter'd what he strove to say,
They breath'd in sighs the anguish of their
minds,

And took the path that led to neighbour *Hind's*.

Secret Joy.

A secret joy the well-known roof inspir'd,
Small was its store, and little they desir'd ;
Jane dried her tears ; while Walter forward flew
To aid the Dame who to the brink updrew
The pond'rous Bucket as they reach'd the well,
And scarcely with exhausted breath could tell
How welcome to her Cot the blooming Pair,
O'er whom she watch'd with a maternal care.
" What ails thee, Jane ? " the wary Matron
cried ;
With heaving breast the modest Maid repl'y'd,
Now gently moving back her wooden Chair
To shun the current of the cooling air ;
" Not much, good Dame ; I'm weary by the
way ;
" Perhaps, anon, I've something else to say."
Now, while the Seed-cake crumbled on her
knee,
And Snowy Jasmine peeped in to see ;

The Expostulation.

And the transparent Lilac at the door,
Full to the sun its purple honors bore,
The clam'rous Hen her fearless brood display'd,
And march'd around, while thus the Matron
said :

‘ Jane has been weeping, Walter ;—prithee
why ?

‘ I’ve seen her laugh, and dance, but never cry.

‘ But I can guess ; with *her* you should have
been,

‘ When late I saw you loit’ring on the green ;

‘ I’m an old Woman, and the truth may tell :

‘ I say then Boy, you have not us’d her well.’

JANE felt for WALTER ; felt his cruel pain,
While Pity’s voice brought forth her tears
again.

‘ Don’t scold him Neighbour, he has much
to say,

‘ Indeed he came and met me by the way.’

Pleadings of Experience for Love with extreme Prudence.

The Dame resum'd--‘ Why then, my Children,
 why

‘ Do such young bosoms heave the piteous sigh?

‘ The ills of Life to you are yet unknown;

‘ Death’s sev’ring shaft, and Poverty’s cold
 frown:

‘ I’ve felt them both, by turns:—but as they
 pass’d,

‘ Strong was my trust, and here I am at last.

‘ When I dwelt young and cheerful down the
 Lane

‘ (And, though I say it, I was much like Jane,)

‘ O’er flow’ry fields with *Hind*, I lov’d to stray,

‘ And talk, and laugh, and fool the time away:

‘ And Care defied; who not one pain could
 give,

‘ Till the thought came of how we were to live;

‘ And then Love plied his arrows thicker still;

‘ And prov’d victorious;—as he always will.

The Victory.

‘ We brav’d Life’s storm together; while that
Drone,
‘ Your poor old Uncle, WALTER, liv’d alone.
‘ He died the other day: when round his bed
‘ No tender soothing tear Affection shed—
‘ Affection! ’twas a plant he never knew;—
Why should he feast on fruits he never grew?’

WALTER caught fire: nor was *he* charm’d
alone

With conscious Truth’s firm elevated tone;
JANE from her seat sprang forward, half
afraid,

Attesting with a blush what Goody said.

Her Lover took a more decided part:—

(O! ’twas the very Chord that touch’d his
heart,)—

Alive to the best feelings man can prize,
A Bridegroom’s transport sparkled in his eyes;

The Confession.

Love, conquering power, with unrestricted range
Silenc'd the arguments of Time and Change;
And led his vot'ry on, and bade him view,
And prize the light-wing'd moments as they flew:
All doubts gave way, all retrospective lore,
Whence cooler Reason tortur'd him before;
Comparison of times, the Lab'lers hire,
And many a truth Reflection might inspire,
Sunk powerless. "Dame I am a fool," he cried;
"Alone I might have reason'd till I died.
"I caus'd those tears of Jane's: but as they fell
"How much I felt none but ourselves can tell.
"While dastard fears withheld me from her sight,
"Sighs reign'd by day and hideous dreams
by night;

Unexpected Visit.

“ ‘Twas then the Soldier’s plume and rolling
Drum
“ Seem’d for a while to strike my sorrows
dumb ;
“ To fly from Care then half resolv’d I stood,
“ And without horror mus’d on fields of blood,
“ But hope prevail’d.—Be then the sword
resign’d ;
“ And I’ll make *Shares* for those that stay
behind,
“ And you, sweet Girl,”—
He would have added more,
Had not a glancing shadow at the door
Announc’d a guest, who bore with winning
grace
His well-tim’d errand pictur’d in his face.
Around with silent reverence they stood ;
A blameless reyerence—the man was good.

The unexpected Visit continued.

Wealth he had some, a match for his desires,
First on the list of active Country 'Squires.
Seeing the youthful pair with downcast eyes,
Unmov'd by Summer-flowers and cloudless
skies,

Pass slowly by his Gate; his book resign'd,
He watch'd her steps and follow'd far behind,
Bearing with inward joy, and honest pride,
A trust of WALTER's kinsman ere he died,
A hard-earn'd mite, deposited with care,
And with a miser's spirit worshipt there.

He found what oft the generous bosom seeks,
In the Dame's court'seys and JANE's blushing
cheeks,

That consciousness of Worth, that freeborn
Grace,

Which waits on Virtue in the meanest place.

‘ Young Man, I'll not apologize to you,
Nor name intrusion, for my news is true;

The Difficulty remov'd.

‘Tis duty brings me here: your wants I’ve
heard,
And can relieve: yet be the dead rever’d.
Here, in this Purse, (what should have cheer’d
a Wife,)
‘Lies, half the savings of your Uncle’s life!
‘I know your history, and your wishes know;
And love to see the seeds of Virtue grow.
‘I’ve a spare Shed that fronts the public road:
‘Make that your Shop; I’ll make it your
abode.
‘Thus much from me,—the rest is but your due;
‘That instant twenty pieces sprung to view.’
Goody, her dim eyes wiping, rais’d her brow,
And saw the young pair look they knew not
how;
Perils and Power while humble minds forego,
Who gives them half a Kingdom gives them
woe;

How little of outward Good suffices for Happiness.

Comforts may be procur'd and want defied,
Heav'ns! with how small a Sum, when right
applied!

Give Love and honest Industry their way,
Clear but the Sun-rise of Life's little day,
Those we term poor shall oft that wealth obtain,
For which th' ambitious sigh, but sigh in vain :
Wealth that still brightens, as its stores increase ;
The calm of Conscience, and the reign of
Peace.

Walter's enamour'd Soul, from news like
this,

Now felt the dawning of his future bliss ;
E'en as the Red-breast shelt'ring in a bower,
Mourns the short darkness of a passing Shower
Then, while the azure sky extends around,
Darts on a worm that breaks the moisten'd
ground,

Joy above Wealth.

And mounts the dripping fence, with joy elate,
And shares the prize triumphant with his mate;
So did the Youth;—the treasure straight be-
came

An humble servant to Love's sacred flame;
Glorious subjection!—Thus his silence broke:
Joy gave him words; still quick'ning as he
spoke.

‘Want was my dread, my wishes were but
few;
‘Others might doubt, but JANE those wishes
knew:
‘This Gold may rid my heart of pains and
sighs;
‘But her true love is still my greatest prize.
‘Long as I live, when this bright day comes
round,
Beneath my Roof your noble deeds shall sound;

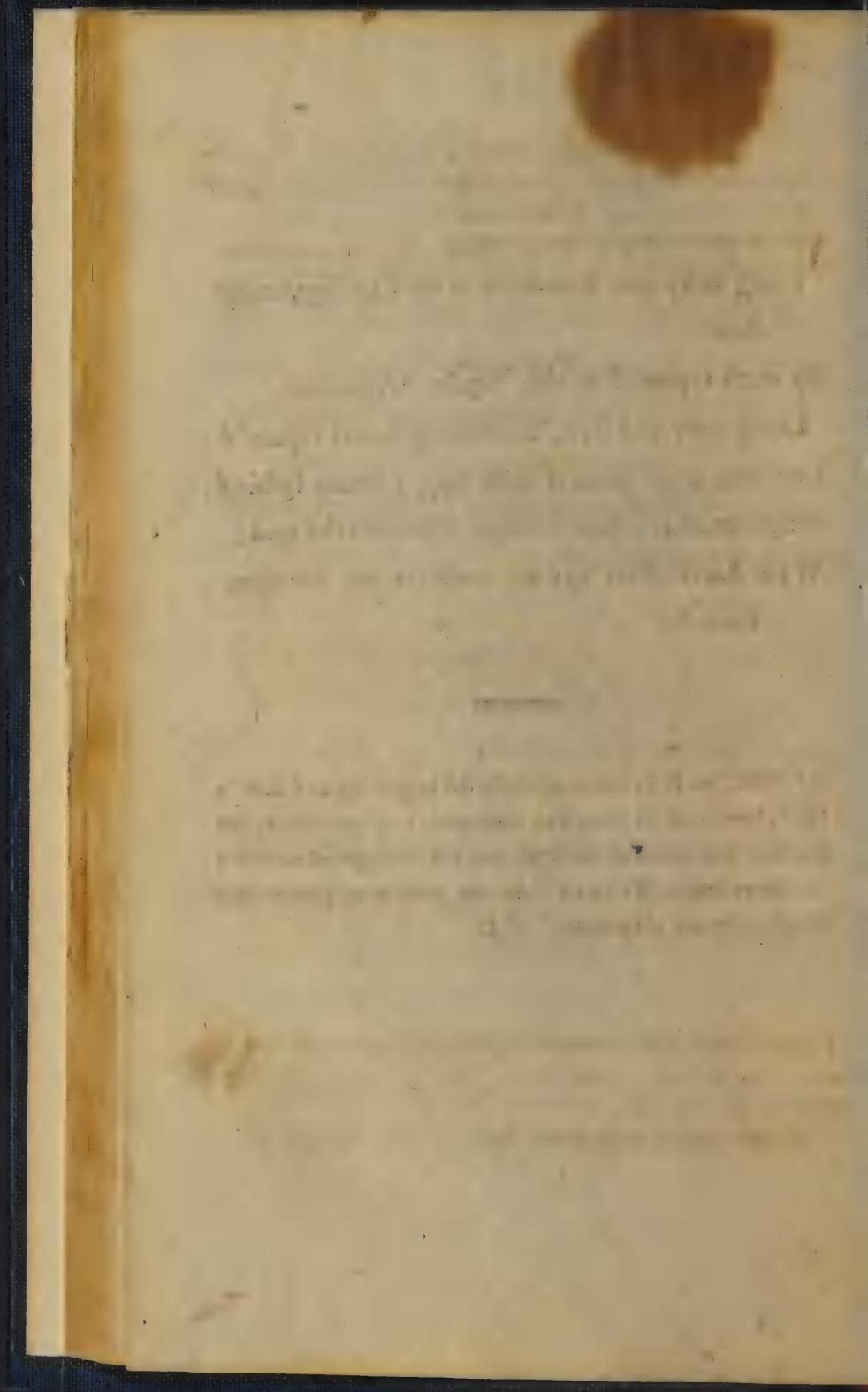
Grateful frankness.

- ‘ But, first, to make my gratitude appear,
- ‘ I’ll shoe your Honour’s Horses for a Year ;
- ‘ If clouds should threaten when your Corn is
 down,
- ‘ I’ll lend a hand, and summon half the town ;
- ‘ If good betide, I’ll sound it in my songs,
- ‘ And be the first avenger of your wrongs :
- ‘ Though rude in manners, free I hope to live :
- ‘ This Ale’s not mine, no Ale have I to give ;
- ‘ Yet, Sir, though Fortune frown’d when I was
 born,
- ‘ Let’s drink eternal friendship from this Horn.
- ‘ How much our present joy to you we owe,
- ‘ Soon our three bells shall let the Neighbours
 know ;
- ‘ The sound shall raise e’en stooping Age
 awhile,
- ‘ And every Maid shall meet you with a smile ;

Conclusion.

‘ Long may you *live*—the wish like lightning
flew ;
By each repeated as the ‘Squire withdrew.
‘ Long may *you live*,’ his feeling heart rejoin’d ;
Leaving well-pleas’d such happy Souls behind.
Hope promis’d fair to cheer them to the end ;
With Love their guide, and Goody for their
friend.

I think this tale, and especially the beginning and middle of it, has much of the clear, animated, easy narrative, the familiar but graceful diction, and the change of numbers so interesting in DRYDEN. In the following poem these excellencies are all greater. C. L.



THE MILLER'S MAID.

A TALE.

NEAR the High road upon a winding stream
An honest Miller rose to Wealth and Fame:
The noblest Virtues cheer'd his lengthen'd
days,

And all the Country echo'd with his praise:
His Wife the Doctress of the neighb'ring
Poor*,
Drew constant pray'rs and blessings round
his door.

* This village and the poor of this neighbourhood know
what it is to have possest such a blessing, and feel at this
moment what it is to lose it by death. C. L.

Trotton, 13th of September 1801.

G

The Tempest.

One Summer's night, (the hour of rest was
come)

Darkness unusual overspread their home ;
A chilling blast was felt : the foremost cloud
Sprinkl'd the bubbling Pool ; and thunder loud,
Though distant yet, menac'd the country
round,

And fill'd the Heavens with its solemn sound.

Who can retire to rest when tempests lour ?

Nor wait the issue of the coming hour ?

Meekly resign'd she sat, in anxious pain ;

He fill'd his pipe, and listen'd to the rain
That batter'd furiously their strong abode,
Roar'd in the Damm, and lash'd the pebbled
road :

When, mingling with the storm, confus'd and
wild,

They heard, or thought they heard, a scream-
ing *Child* :

The Young Stranger.

The voice approach'd ; and 'midst the thunder's
roar,

Now loudly begg'd for Mercy at the door.

MERCY was *there* : the Miller heard the call ;
His door he open'd ; when a sudden squall
Drove in a wretched Girl ; who weeping stood,
Whilst the cold rain dripp'd from her in a
flood.

With kind officiousness the tender Dame
Rous'd up the dying embers to a flame ;
Dry cloaths procur'd, and cheer'd her shiv'-
ring guest,

And sooth'd the sorrows of her infant breast.
But as she stript her shoulders, lily-white,
What marks of cruel usage shock'd their sight !
Weals, and blue wounds, most piteous to be-
hold

Upon a Child yet scarcely Ten years old.

The hospitable Miller.

The *Miller* felt his indignation rise,
Yet, as the weary stranger clos'd her eyes,
And seem'd fatigu'd beyond her strength and
years,"

"Sleep, Child, (he said), and wipe away your
tears.

They watch'd her slumbers till the storm was
done;

When thus the generous Man again begun.

"See, flutt'ring sighs that rise against her will,
And agitating dreams disturb her still!

"Dame, we should know before we go to rest,
Whence comes this Girl, and how she came
distrest.

"Wake her, and ask ; for she is sorely bruis'd :
I long to know by whom she's thus misus'd.

"Child, what's your name? how came you
in the storm?

Have you no home to keep you dry and warm?

The simple Story.

- ‘Who gave you all those wounds your shoulders show?’
- ‘Where are your Parents? Whither would you go?’

The Stranger bursting into tears, look'd pale,

And this the purport of her artless tale.

- ‘I have no Parents; and no friends beside:
- ‘I well remember when my Mother died:
- ‘My Brother cried; and so did I that day:
- ‘We had no Father;—he was gone away;
- ‘That night we left our home new cloaths to wear:
- ‘The *Work-house* found them; we were carried there.
- ‘We lov'd each other dearly; when we met
- ‘We always shar'd what trifles we could get.
- ‘But *George* was older by a year then me:—
- ‘He parted from me and was sent to Sea.

Simple Story continued.

“Good-bye, dear Phœbe,” the poor fellow said !

‘Perhaps he’ll come again ; perhaps he’s dead.
‘When I grew strong enough I went to place,
‘My mistress had a sour ill-natur’d face ;
‘And though I’ve been so often beat and chid,
‘I strove to please her, Sir ; indeed, I did.
‘Weary and spiritless to bed I crept,
‘And always cried at night before I slept.
‘This morning I offended ; and I bore
‘A cruel beating, worse than all before.
‘Unknown to all the House I ran away ;
‘And thus far travell’d through the sultry day ;
‘And, O don’t send me back ! I dare not go.’
‘I send you back ! (the Miller cried) ‘no, no.’
Th’ appeals of Wretchedness had weight with
him,
And Sympathy would warm him every limb ;

THE MILLER'S MAID. 59

Rustic Hospitality and Protection of the friendless.

He mutter'd glorying in the work begun,
‘Well done, my little Wench; ’twas nobly
done! ’

Then said, with look more cheering than the
fire,

And feelings such as Pity can inspire,
‘My house has childless been this many a year:
‘While you deserve it you shall tarry here.’
The Orphan mark'd the ardor of his eye,
Blest his kind words, and thank'd him with
a sigh.

Thus was the sacred compact doubly seal'd;
Thus were her spirits rais'd, her bruises heal'd:
Thankful, and cheerful too, no more afraid,
Thus little PHOEBE was the Miller's Maid.
Grateful they found her; patient of controul:
A most bewitching gentleness of soul
Made pleasure of what work she had to do:
She grew in stature, and in beauty too.

The New Comer.

Five years she pass'd in this delightful home :
Five happy years : but, when the sixth was
come,

The *Miller* from a Market Town hard by,
Brought home a sturdy Youth his strength to
try,

To raise the sluice-gates early every morn,
To heave his powder'd sacks and grind his
corn :

• And meeting *Phœbe*, whom he lov'd so dear,

• I've brought you home a Husband, Girl ;—

D'ye hear ?

• He begg'd for work ; his money seem'd but
scant :

• Those that will work 'tis pity they should
want.*

• So use him well, and we shall shortly see

• Whether he merits what I've done, like thee.'

• A Maxim which all ought to remember. C. L.

First Impressions.

Now throbb'd her heart,—a new sensation
quite,—

Whene'er the comely Stranger was in sight :
For he at once assiduously strove
To please so sweet a Maid, and win her love.
At every corner stopp'd her in her way ;
And saw fresh beauties opening ev'ry day.
He took delight in tracing in her face
The mantling blush, and every nameless
grace,
That Sensibility would bring to view,
When Love he mention'd ;—Love, and honor
true.
But *Phœbe* still was shy ; and wish'd to know
More of the honest Youth, whose manly
brow
She verily believ'd was Truth's own throne,
And all his words as artless as her own :

Enquiry.

Most true she judg'd ; yet, long the Youth
forbore
Divulging where, and how, he liv'd before ;
And seem'd to strive his History to hide,
Till fair Esteem enlisted on his side.
The *Miller* saw, and mention'd in his praise,
The prompt fidelity of all his ways :
Till in a vacant hour, the Dinner done,
One day he joking cried, ' Come here, my Son !
' ' Tis pity that so good a Lad as you
' Beneath my roof should bring disorders new !
' But here's my *Phœbe*,—once so light and
airy
' She'd trip along the passage like a Fairy,—
' Has lost her swiftness quite, since here you
came ;—
' And yet ; . . . I can't perceive the Girl is lame !
' The obstacles she meets with still fall thicker :
' Old as I am I'd turn a corner quicker.' —

Ingenuous Explanation.

The *Youth* blush'd deep; and *Phœbe* hung
her head :

The *good Man* smil'd, and thus again he said :
‘ Not that I deem it matter of surprise,
‘ That you should love to gaze at *Phœbe*'s eyes ;
‘ But be explicit, Boy; and deal with honour :
‘ I feel my happiness depend upon her.
‘ When here you came you'd sorrow on your
brow :

‘ And I've forborne to question you till now.
‘ First, then, say what thou art.’ He instant
bow'd,

And thus, in *Phœbe*'s hearing, spoke aloud :

‘ Thus far experienc'd, Sir, in you I find
‘ All that is generous, fatherly, and kind ;
‘ And while you look for proofs of real worth,
‘ You'll not regard the meanness of my birth.
‘ When, penyless and sad, you met with me,
‘ I'd just escap'd the dangers of the Sea ;

The little History.

‘ Resolv’d to try my fortune on the shore :
‘ To get my bread, and trust the waves no
 more.
‘ Having no Home, nor Parents, left behind,
‘ I’d all my fortune, all my Friends, to find.
‘ Keen disappointment wounded me that morn :
‘ For, trav’lling near the spot where I was
 born,
‘ I at the well-known door where I was bred,
‘ Inquir’d who still was living, who was dead :
‘ But first, and most, I sought with anxious fear
‘ Tidings to gain of her who once was dear ;
‘ A Girl, with all the meekness of the dove,
‘ The constant sharer of my childhood’s love ;
‘ She call’d me *Brother* :—which I heard with
 pride,
‘ Though now suspect we are not so allied.
‘ Thus much I learnt; (no more the churls
 would say ;)

The Recognition.

‘She went to service, and she ran away,
‘And scandal added’—‘Hold !’ the *Miller*
cried;
And, in an instant, stood at *Phœbe*’s side;
For he observed, while list’ning to the tale,
Her spirit faulter’d, and her cheeks turn’d pale;
Whilst her clasp’d hands descended to her knee,
She sinking whisper’d forth, “*O God, ’tis he !*”
The good Man, though he guess’d the please-
ing truth,
Was far too busy to inform the Youth;
But stirr’d himself amain to aid his Wife,
Who soon restor’d the trembler back to life.
Awhile insensible she still appear’d;
But, “*O my Brother,*” was distinctly heard:
The astonisht Youth now held her to his breast;
And tears and kisses soon explain’d the rest.
Past deeds now from each tongue alternate fell:
For news of dearest import both could tell.

Mutual Recollection.

Fondly, from childhood's tears to youth's full prime,

They match'd the incidents of jogging time;
And prov'd, that when with Tyranny opprest,
Poor *Phœbe* groan'd with wounds and broken rest,

George felt no less: was harass'd and forlorn;
A rope's-end follow'd him both night and morn.
And in that very storm when *Phœbe* fled,
When the rain drench'd her yet unshelter'd head;

That very Storm he on the Ocean brav'd,
The Vessel founder'd and the Boy was sav'd!
Mysterious Heaven!—and O with what de-light—

She told the happy issue of her flight:
To his charm'd heart a living picture drew;
And gave to hospitality it's due!

The Investigation.

The list'ning Host observ'd the gentle Pair;
And ponder'd on the means that brought them
there:

Convinc'd, while unimpeach'd their Virtue
stood,

'Twas *Heav'n's* high Will that he should do
them good.

But now the anxious Dame, impatient grown,
Demanded what the Youth had heard, or
known,

Whereon to ground those doubts but just ex-
prest;—

Doubts, which must interest the feeling breast;
• Her Brother wert thou, George? how; prithee
say:

• Canst thou forego, or cast that name away?

“No living proofs have I,” the Youth
reply’d,

“That we by closest ties are not allied;

The Perplexity.

“ But in my memory live, and ever will,
“ A mother’s dying words I hear them
still :
“ She said, to one who watch’d her parting
breath,
“ Dont separate the Children at my death,”
“ They’re not both mine : But — ” here the
scene was clos’d,
“ She died , and left us helpless and expos’d ;
“ Nor Time hath thrown, nor Reason’s open-
ing power,
“ One friendly ray on that benighted hour.”
Ne’er did the Chieftains of a Warring State
Hear from the *Oracle* their half-told fate
With more religious fear, or more suspense,
Than *Phœbe* now endur’d : — for every sense
Became absorb’d in this unwelcome theme ;
Nay every meditation, every dream,

Anxiety.

Th' inexplicable sentence held to view,
"They're not both mine," was every morning
new:
For, till this hour, the Maid had never
prov'd
How far she was entrall'd, how much she
lov'd:
In that fond character he first appear'd;
His kindness charm'd her, and his smiles en-
dear'd:
This dubious mystery the passion crost;
Her peace was wounded, and her Lover lost.
For *George*, with all his resolution strove
To check the progress of his growing love;
Or if he e'er indulg'd a tender kiss,
Th' unravell'd secret robb'd him of his bliss.
Health's foe, Suspence, so irksome to be borne
An ever-piercing and retreating thorn,

The Enquiry suggested.

Hung on their Hearts, when Nature bade
them rise,
And stole Content's bright ensign from their
eyes,

The good folks saw the change, and griev'd
to find
These troubles labouring in *Phœbe's* mind ;
They lov'd them both ; and with one voice
propos'd
The only means whence *Truth* might be dis-
clos'd ;
That, when the Summer Months should shrink
the rill,
And scarce its languid stream would turn the
Mill,

Eager Expectation.

When the Spring broods, and Pigs, and Lambs
were rear'd,

(A time when *George* and *Phœbe* might be
spar'd,)

Their birth-place they should visit once again,
To try with joint-endeavours to obtain
From Record, or Tradition, what might be
To chain, or set their chain'd affections free:
Affinity beyond all doubts to prove;
Or clear the road for Nature and for Love.

Never, till now, did *Phœbe* count the hours,
Or think *May* long, or wish away its flowers;
With mutual sighs both fann'd the wings of
Time:

As we climb Hills and gladden as we climb.
And reach at last the distant promis'd seat,
Casting the glowing landscape at our feet.

The Hindrance.

Oft had the Morning Rose with dew been wet,
And oft the journeying Sun in glory set,
Beyond the willow'd meads of vigorous grass
The steep green hill, and woods they were to
pass;

When now the day arriv'd: Impatience reign'd;
And **GEORGE**,—by trifling obstacles detain'd;
His bending Blackthorn on the threshold prest,
Survey'd the windward clouds, and hop'd the
best.

PHEBE, attir'd with every modest grace,
While Health and Beauty revell'd in her face,
Came forth; but soon evinc'd an absent mind,
For, back she turn'd for something left behind;
Again the same, till George grew tir'd of home,
And peevishly exclaim'd, “*Come, Phœbe,
come.*”

Another hindrance yet he had to feel:
As from the door they tripp'd with nimble heel,

The Old Soldier.

A poor old Man, foot-founder'd and alone,
Thus urgent spoke, in Trouble's genuine tone :
" My pretty Maid, if happiness you seek,
" May disappointment never fade your cheek !
" Your's be the joy ; — yet, feel another's woe :
" O leave some little gift before you go."
His words struck home ; and back she turn'd
again,

(The ready friend of indigence and pain,)
To banish hunger from his shatter'd frame ;
And close behind her, Lo, the *Miller* came,
With Jug in hand, and cried, " *GEORGE*,
why such haste ?

" Here ; take a draught ; and let that *Soldier*
taste."

" Thanks for your bounty, Sir ; " the *Veteran*
said ;

Threw down his Wallet, and made bare his
head ;

The Soldier's Tale.

And straight began, though mix'd with doubts
and fears,
Th' unprefac'd History of his latter years.
"I cross'd th' *Atlantic* with our Regiment
brave,
"Where Sickness sweeps whole Rigmaments to
the grave;
"Yet I've escap'd; and bear my arms no more;
"My age discharg'd me when I came on shore.
"My *Wife*, I've heard,"—and here he wip'd
his eyes,—
"In the cold corner of the Church-yard lies.
"By her consent it was I left my home:
"Employment fail'd, and poverty was come;
"The Bounty tempted me;—she had it all:
"We parted; and I've seen my betters fall.
"Yet, as I'm spar'd, though in this piteous
case,
"I'm trav'lling homewards to my native place;

The Surprize.

“ Though should I reach that dear remember'd
spot,
“ Perhaps OLD GRANGER will be quite for-
got.”

All eyes beheld young *George* with wonder
start :

Strong were the secret bodings of his heart ;
Yet not indulg'd : for he with doubts survey'd
By turns the Stranger, and the lovely Maid.

“ Had you no Children ? ” — “ Yes young
Man ; I'd two :

“ A *Boy*, if still he lives, as old as you :
“ Yet not my own ; but likely so to prove ;
“ Though but the pledge of an unlawful Love :
“ I cherish'd him, to hide a *Sister's* shame :
“ He shar'd my best affections, and my name.

The Discovery.

“ But why, young folks, should I detain you
here?

“ Go : and my blessings wait upon your cheer,

“ I too will travel on; perhaps to find

“ The only treasure that I left behind.

“ Such kindly thoughts my fainting hopes
revive!—

“ *Phœbe, my Cherub, art thou still alive?*”

Could Nature hold!—Could youthful Love
forbear!

George clasp'd the wond'ring *Maid*, and whis-
per'd, *There!*

‘ *Your mine for ever!*—O, sustain the rest;

‘ And hush the tumult of your throbbing
breast.’

Then to the *Soldier* turn'd, with manly pride,
And fondly led his long-intended *Bride*:

The happy Relations now found.

‘Here, see your *Child* nor wish a sweeter
flow’r.

‘Tis *George* that speaks thou’lt bless the hap-
py hour!—

‘Nay, be compos’d ; for all will yet be well,

‘Though here our history’s too long to tell.’—

A long-lost Father found, the mystery clear’d,
What mingled transports in *her* face appear’d
The gazing *Veteran* stood with hands uprais’d ;
‘Art thou *indeed* my Child! then, *God* be
prais’d.’

O'er his rough cheeks the tears profusely spread :
Such as fools say become not Men to shed ;
Past hours of bliss, regenerated charms,
Rose, when he felt his Daughter in his arms :
So tender was the scene, the generous *DAME*
Wept as she told of *Phœbe*’s virtuous fame,

The bliss of disinterested Benevolence.

And the good Host, with gestures passing
strange,

Abstracted seem'd through fields of joy to range:
Rejoicing that his favour'd Roof should prove
VIRTUE's asylum, and the nurse of LOVE ;
Rejoicing that to him the task was given,
While his full Soul was mounting up to Heav'n.

But now, as from a dream his Reason sprung,
And heartiest greetings dwelt upon his tongue:
The sounding Kitchen floor at once receiv'd
The happy group, with all their fears reliev'd :
“ Soldier,” he cried, “ you've found your
Girl; 'tis true :

“ But suffer *me* to be a Father too ;
“ For, never Child that blest a Parent's knee,
“ Could show more duty then she has to me,
“ Strangely she came ; Affliction chas'd her
hard :

“ I pitied her ;— and this is my reward !

The adopted Daughter.

Here sit you down ; recount your perils o'er :
" Henceforth be this your home ; and grieve
no more :
" Plenty hath shower'd her dewdrops on my
head ;
" Care visits not my Table, nor my Bed.
" My heart's warm wishes thus then I fulfill :
" My Dame and I can live without the mill :
" George, take the whole ; I'll near you still
remain,
" To guide your judgment in the choice of
Grain :
" In Virtue's path commence your prosperous
life ;
" And from my hands receive your worthy
Wife.
" Rise, *Phœbe* ; rise, my Girl ! — kneel not to
me ;
" But to THAT POW'R who interpos'd for thee.

Perfect Content: hopes and prospects of Goodness.

“ Integrity hath mark'd your favourite Youth;

“ Fair budding Honour, Constancy, and

Truth:

“ Go to his arms;—and may unsullied joys

“ Bring smiling round me, rosy Girls and
Boys!

“ I'll love them for thy sake. And may your
days

“ Glide on, as glides the Stream that never stays;

“ Bright as whose shingled bed, till life's de-
cline,

“ May all your worth, and all your Virtues
shine!”

I believe there has been no such Poem in its kind as the
MILLER'S MAID, since the days of DRYDEN, for ease and
beauty of language; concise, clear and interesting narrative;
sweet and full flow of verse; happy choice of the subject,
and delightful execution of it. C. L.

THE WIDOW

TO

HER HOUR-GLASS.

1

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again :
Companion of the lonely hour !
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloath'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,

On Chest or Window by my side :
At every Birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear.—

And, when my husband died,

2

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand
And seen the growing Mountain rise,
And often found Life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes:

Its conic crown

Still sliding down,

Again heap'd up, then down again ;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

3

While thus I spin and sometimes sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:

Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When Earth her yellow Harvest yields,
Thou get'st a Holiday.

4

Steady as Truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the Heart without a Bell:

Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet Woodbine flow'r;—
“ Companion of the lonely hour,
“ I'll turn thee up again.”

There is something very pleasing in the lyric stanza here used. It is a very harmonious and characteristic form of versification: which, after having slept, if I mistake not, above a Century, is here happily reviv'd. The turn of thought is natural, effecting, and poetic. C. L.

M A R K E T - N I G H T.

1

‘O WINDS, howl not so long and loud ;
‘Nor with your vengeance arm the snow :
‘Bear hence each heavy-loaded cloud ;
‘And let the twinkling Star-beams glow.

2

‘Now sweeping floods rush down the slope,
‘Wide scattering ruin.—Stars, shine soon !
‘No other light my love can hope ;
‘Midnight will want the joyous *Moon*.

L

3

‘O guardian Spirits—Ye that dwell
‘Where woods, and pits, and hollow ways,
‘The lone night-trav’ller’s fancy swell
‘With fearful tales, of older days,—

4

‘Press round him:—guide his willing steed
‘Through darkness, dangers, currents, snows;
‘Wait where, from shelt’ring thickets freed,
‘The dreary Heath’s rude whirlwind blows.

5

‘From darkness rushing o’er his way,
‘The Thorn’s white load it bears on high!
‘Where the short furze all shrouded lay,
‘Mounts the dried grass;—Earth’s bosom dry.

• Then o'er the Hill with furious sweep
• It rends the elevated tree—
• Sure-footed beast thy road thou'l keep :
• Nor storm nor darkness startles thee !

• O blest assurance, (rusty steed,)
• To thee the buried road is known ;
• *Home*, all the spur thy footsteps need,
• When loose the frozen rein is thrown.

• Between the roaring blasts that shake
• The naked Elder at the door,
• Though not one prattler to me speak,
• Their sleeping sighs delight me more.'

9

‘ Sound is their rest :—they little know
‘ What pain, what cold, their Father feels ;
‘ But dream, perhaps, they see him now,
‘ While each the promis’d Orange peels.’

10

‘ Would it were so !—the fire burns bright,
‘ And on the warming trencher gleams ;
‘ In expectation’s raptur’d sight
‘ How precious his arrival seems !’

11

‘ I’ll look abroad !—’tis piercing cold !
‘ How the bleak wind assails his breast !
‘ Yet some faint light mine eyes behold :
‘ The storm is verging o’er the West.’

12

‘There shines a *Star!*—O welcome Sight!—
‘Through the thin vapours bright’ning still!
‘Yet ’twas beneath the fairest night
‘The murd’rer stain’d yon lonely Hill.’

13

‘Mercy, kind heav’n such thoughts dispel!
‘No voice, no footsteps can I hear!
(Where Night and Silence brooding dwell,
Spreads thy cold reign, heart-chilling Fear.)

14

‘Distressing hour! uncertain fate!
‘O Mercy, Mercy, guide him home!—
‘Hark!—then I heard the distant gate,—
‘Repeat it, Echo; quickly, come!’

15

- One minute now will ease my fears....
- Or, still more wretched must I be?
- No: surely Heaven has spar'd our tears:
- I see him, cloath'd in snow;....'tis he.—

16

- Where have you stay'd? put down your load.
- How have you borne the storm, the cold?
- What horrors did I not forbode—
- That Beast is worth its weight in gold.'

17

Thus spoke the joyful Wife;—then ran
And hid in greatful steams her head:
Dapple was hous'd, the hungry Man
With joy glanc'd o'er the Children's bed.

18

‘What, all asleep!’—so best; he cried:
‘O what a night I’ve travell’d through!
‘Unseen, unheard, I might have died;
‘But Heaven has brought me safe to you.

19

‘Dear Partner of my nights and days,
‘That smile becomes thee!—Let us then
‘Learn, though mishap may cross our ways,
‘It is not ours to reckon when.’

I judge not for other readers; and it is needless; but to me Market-Night is exquisitely and almost singularly pleasing, by the natural force and tenderness of the sweetness of the numbers, the easy yet animated and characteristic beauty of the style and manner. C. L.

Sept. 1801.

THE
FAKENHAM GHOST.
A BALLAD.

1

THE Lawns were dry in Euston Park ;
(Here Truth* inspires my Tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over Hill and Dale.

* This Ballad is founded on a fact. The circumstance occurred perhaps long before I was born : but is still related by my Mother, and some of the oldest inhabitants in that part of the country. R. B.

2

Benighted was an ancient Dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its Willow shade.

3

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still ;
And echo'd to the darksome Copse
That whisper'd on the Hill ;

4

Where clam'rous Rocks, yet scarcely hush'd
Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
And hov'ring circuits made.

M

The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the Shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the Stranger way.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears
Came ov'r her troubled mind ;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turn'd ; it stopt!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain !
But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST. 95

8

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame :
For where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same !
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

9

Yet once again, amidst her fright
She tried what sight could do ;
When through the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER stood in view.

10

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain !
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her pray'rs again.

96 THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

11

Then on she sped : and Hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *Ghost* and all pass'd through.

12

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack :
For much she fear'd the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

13

Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
As it had done before :—
Her strength and resolution spent
She fainted at the door.

14

Out came her Husband much surpris'd :
Out came her Daughter dear :
Good-natur'd Souls ! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

15

The Candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

16

An *Ass's Foal* had lost its Dam
Within the spacious Park ;
And simple as the playful Lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

98 THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

17

No Goblin he; no imp of sin:
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

18

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the Cottage floor:
The Matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

19

A favorite the Ghost became:
And, 'twas his fate to thrive:
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST. 99

20

For many a laugh went through the Vale;
And some conviction too:—
Each thought some other Goblin tale,
Perhaps was just as true.*

* A charming little story: excellently told: and most pleasingly and pointedly concluded. C. L.

Sept. 1801.

THE FRENCH MARINER.

A BALLAD.

1

AN Old *French Mariner* am I,
Whom Time hath render'd poor and gray;
Hear, conquering *Britons*, ere I die,
What anguish prompts me thus to say.

2

I've rode o'er many a dreadful wave,
I've seen the reeking blood descend :
I've heard the last groans of the brave ;—
The shipmate dear, the steady Friend.

3

'Twas when *De Grasse* the battle join'd
And struck, on *April's* fatal morn :
I left three smiling boys behind,
And saw my Country's Lillie torn.

4

There, as I brav'd the storms of Fate,
Dead in my arms my Brother fell ;
Here sits forlorn his widow'd Mate,
Who weeps whene'er the tale I tell.

5

Thy reign, sweet Peace, was o'er too soon ;
War, piecemeal robs me of my joy :
For, on the bloodstain'd *first of June*
Death took my *eldest* favorite Boy.

N

6

The other two enrag'd arose,
'Our Country claims our lives,' they said.
With them I lost my Soul's repose,
That fatal hour my last hope fled.

7

With BRUEY's the proud NILE they sought :
Where one in ling'ring wounds expir'd ;
While yet the other bravely fought
The Orient's magazine was fir'd.

8

And must I mourn my Country's shame ?
And envious curse the conquering Foe ?
No more I feel that thirst of Fame ; —
All I can feel is private woe.

9

E'en all the joy that Vict'ry brings,
(Her bellowing Guns, and flaming pride)
Cold, momentary comfort flings
Around where weeping Friends reside.

10

Whose blighted bud no Sun shall cheer,
Whose Lamp of Life no longer shine:
Some Parent, Brother, Child, most dear,
Who ventur'd, and who died like mine.

11

Proud crested Fiend, the World's worst foe,
Ambition; canst thou boast one deed,
Whence no unsightly horrors flow,
Nor private peace is seen to bleed.

12

Ah! why do these Old Eyes remain
To see succeeding mornings rise!
My Wife is dead, my Children slain,
And Poverty is all my prize.

13

Yet shall not poor enfeebled Age
Breathe forth revenge;...but rather say,
O God, who seest the Battle's rage,
Take from men's Hearts that rage away.

14

From the vindictive tongue of strife,
Bid Hatred and false Glory flee;
That babes may meet advancing life,
Nor feel the woes that light on me.

I can hardly imagine any thing more great, generous, and pathetic, than the subject, sentiment, and expression of this Ballad. C. L.

D O L L Y.

"Ingenuous trust, and confidence of Love."

1

The Bat began with giddy wing
His circuit round the Shed, the Tree;
And clouds of dancing Gnats to sing
A summer-night's serenity.

2

Darkness crept slowly o'er the East!
Upon the Barn-roof whatch'd the Cat;
Sweet breath'd the ruminating Beast
At rest where DOLLY musing sat.

3

A simple Maid, who could employ
The silent lapse of Evening mild,
And lov'd its solitary joy:
For Dolly was Reflection's child.

4

He who had pledg'd his word to be
Her life's dear guardian, far away,
The flow'r of Yeoman Cavalry,
Bestrode a Steed with trappings gay.

5

And thus from memory's treasur'd sweets,
And thus from Love's pure fount she drew
That peace, which busy care defeats,
And bids our pleasures bloom anew.

Six weeks of absence have I borne
Since HENRY took his fond farewell:
The charms of that delightful morn
My tongue could thus for ever tell.

He at my Window whistling loud,
Arous'd my lightsome heart to go:
Day, conqu'ring climb'd from cloud to cloud;
The fields all wore a purple glow.

We stroll'd the bordering flow'rs among;
One hand the Bridle held behind;
The other round my waist was flung:
Sure never Youth spoke half so kind!

The rising Lark I could but hear ;
And jocund seem'd the song to be :
But sweeter sounded in my ear,
“ Will *Dolly* still be true to me ! ”

From the rude Dock my skirt had swept
A fringe of clinging burrs so green ;
Like them our hearts still closer crept,
And hook'd a thousand holds unseen.

High o'er the road each branching bough
Its globes of silent dew had shed ;
And on the pure-wash'd sand below
The dimpling drops around had spread.

12

The sweet-brier op'd its pink-ey'd rose,
And gave its fragrance to the gale;
Though modest flow'rs may sweets disclose,
More sweet was HENRY's earnest tale.

13

He seem'd, methought, on that dear morn,
To pour out all his heart to me;
As if, the separation borne,
The coming hours would joyless be.

14

A bank rose high beside the way,
And full against the Morning Sun;
Of heav'nly blue there violets gay
His hand invited one by one.

O

15

The posy with a smile he gave ;
I saw his meaning in his eyes :
The wither'd treasure still I have ;
My bosom holds the fragrant prize.

16

With his last kiss he would have vow'd ;
But blessings crowding forc'd their way :
Then mounted he his Courser proud ;
His time elaps'd he could not stay.

17

Then first I felt the parting pang ;—
Sure the worst pang the Lover feels !
His Horse unruly from me sprang,
The pebbles flew beneath his heels ;

18

Then down the road his vigour tried,
His rider gazing, gazing still;
“ *My dearest, I’ll be true,*” he cried:—
And, if he lives, I’m sure he will.

19

Then haste, ye hours, haste, Eve and Morn,
Yet strew your blessings round my home:
Ere Winter’s blasts shall strip the thorn
My promis’d joy, my love will come.

Highly animated, natural and engaging. C. L.

LINE

OCCASIONED BY

A VISIT TO WHITTLEBURY FOREST.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

IN AUGUST, 1800.

ADDRESSED TO MY CHILDREN.

1

GENIUS of the Forest Shades !
Lend thy pow'r, and lend thine ear !
A Stranger trod thy lonely glades,
Amidst thy dark and bounding Deer ;
Inquiring Childhood claims the verse,
O let them not inquire in vain ;
Be with me while I thus rehearse
The glories of thy Sylvan Reign.

2

Thy Dells by wint'ry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how dear to me!
From all but Nature's converse borne,
No ear to hear, no eye to see.
Their honour'd leaves the green Oaks rear'd,
And crown'd the upland's graceful swell ;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant Heifer's tinkling bell.

3

Hail, Greenwood shades, that stretching far,
Defy e'en Summer's noontide pow'r,
When August in his burning Car
Withholds the Cloud, withholds the Show'r
The deep-ton'd Low from either Hill,
Down hazel aisles and arches green ;
(The Herd's rude tracks from rill to rill)
Roar'd echoing through the solemn scene.

From my charm'd heart the numbers sprung,
Though Birds had ceas'd the choral lay :
I pour'd wild raptures from my tongue,
And gave delicious tears their way.
Then, darker shadows seeking still,
Where Human foot had seldom stray'd,
I read aloud to every Hill
Sweet Emma's Love, "the Nut-brown Maid."

Shaking his matted mane on high
The gazing Colt would raise his head ;
Or, tim'rous Doe would rushing fly,
And leave to me her grassy bed :
Where, as the azure sky appear'd
Through Bow'rs of every varying form,
'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard
The daring progress of the storm.

6

How would each sweeping pond'rous bough
Resist, when straight the Whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strength'ning eddies through
A roaring wilderness of leaves!
How would the prone descending show'r
From the green Canopy rebound!
How would the lowland torrents pour!
How deep the pealing thunder sound!

7

But Peace was there: no lightnings blaz'd:—
No clouds obscur'd the face of Heav'n:
Down each green op'ning while I gaz'd
My thoughts to home, and you, were giv'n.
O tender minds! in life's gay morn
Some clouds must dim your coming day;
Yet, bootless pride and falsehood scorn,
And peace like this shall cheer your way.

Now, at the dark Wood's stately side,
Well pleas'd I met the Sun again;
Here fleeting Fancy travell'd wide!
My seat was destin'd to the Main:
For, many an Oak lay stretch'd at length,
Whose trunks (with bark no longer sheath'd)
Had reach'd their full meridian strength
Before your Father's Father breath'd!

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful storm defy;
Then groaning o'er the adverse wave
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud Oaks; we meet no more!
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white Cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud Ocean's swelling tide.

10

'Genius of the Forest Shades,'
Sweet, from the hights of thy domain,
When the grey ev'ning shadow fades,
To view the Country's golden grain!
To view the gleaming Village Spire
'Midst distant groves unknown to me;
Groves, that grown bright in borrow'd fire,
Bow o'er the peopled Vales to thee!

11

Where was thy Elfin train that play
Round *Wake's* huge Oak, their favourite tree?
May a poor son of Song thus say,
Why were they not reveal'd to me!
Yet, smiling Fairies left behind,
Affection brought you to my view;
To love and tenderness resign'd,
I sat me down and thought of you.

P

12

When Morning still unclouded rose,
Refresh'd with sleep and joyous dreams,
Where fruitful fields with woodlands close,
I trac'd the births of various streams.
From beds of Clay, here creeping rills
Unseen to parent *Ouse* would steal ;
Or, gushing from the northward Hills,
Would glitter through *Toves*' winding dale.

13

But ah ! ye cooling springs, farewell !
Herds, I no more your freedom share ;
But long my grateful tongue shall tell
What brought your gazing stranger there.
'Genius of the Forest 'Shades,'
'Lend thy power, and lend thine ear ;'
Let dreams still lengthen thy long glades,
And bring thy peace and silence here.

These lyric stanzas have much of the solemn picturesque, and pathetic. And the address to the author's children gives a new and peculiar interest to the description. C. L.

Sept. 25. 1801.

SONG.

FOR

A HIGHLAND DROVER

RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

Now fare-the-well, England; no further I'll
roam;

But follow my shadow that points the way
home:

Your gay southern Shores shall not tempt me
to stay;

For my Maggy's at home, and my Children
at play!

'Tis this makes my Bonnet set light on my
brow,
Gives my sinews their strength and my bosom
its glow.

2

Farewell, Mountaineers! my companions,
adieu;
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from
you,
I shall miss your white Horns on the brink of
the Bourne,
And o'er the rough Heaths, where you'll ne-
ver return :
But in brave English pastures you cannot com-
plain,
While your Drover speeds back to his Maggy
again.

O Tweed! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green
vales,
More than life, more than Love my tir'd Spi-
rit inhales;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my
view,
With her bare-footed Lasses and Mountains
so blue:
To the Mountains away; my heart bounds
like the Hind;
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so
kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,
And in fancy trace back every Stream to its
source,

Hope cheers me up hill, where the road lies
before
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild
Moor;
The keen polar Star nightly rising to view;
But Maggy's my Star, just as steady and true.

5

O Ghosts of my Father! O heroes, look down!
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of
renown,
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my
breast,
And fortitude grows both from toil and from
rest;
May your deeds and your worth be forever in
view,
And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy of
you..

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and
poor?

I cannot step faster, I cannot do more;
I've past silver Tweed; e'en the Tay flows
behind:

Yet fatigue I'll disdain:—my reward I shall
find;

Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou art my
prize;

And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue
eyes.

She'll watch to the southward;...perhaps she
will sigh,

That the way is so long, and the Mountains
so high:

Perhaps some huge Rock in the dusk she may
see,

And will say in her fondness, “that surely is
he?”

Good Wife you’re deceiv’d; I’m still far from
my home;

Go, sleep, my dear Maggy,—to morrow I’ll
come.

=====
Natural, affectionate, spirited, and poetical. C. L.

A WORD

TO

TWO YOUNG LADIES.

WHEN tender Rose-trees first receive
On half-expanded Leaves, the Shower ;
Hope's gayest pictures we believe,
And anxious watch each coming flower.

2

Then if beneath the genial Sun
That spreads abroad the full blown May,
Two infant Stems the rest out-run,
Their buds the first to meet the day,

Q

3

With joy their op'ning tints we view,
While morning's precious moments fly :
My pretty Maids, 'tis thus with *you*,
The fond admiring gazer, *I.*

4

Preserve, sweet Buds, wherc'er you be,
The richest gem that decks a Wife ;
The charm of *female modesty* :
And let sweet Music give it life.

5

Still may the favouring Muse be found :
Still circumspect the paths ye tread :
Plant moral truths in Fancy's ground ;
And meet old Age without a dread.

Yet, ere that comes, while yet ye quaff
The cup of Health without a pain,
I'll shake my grey hairs when you laugh,
And, when you sing, be young again.

Partial and interesting in all respects. C. L.

Both the young Ladies had addressed to me a few complimentary lines, (and I am sorry that those of the elder sister were never in my possession;) in return for which I sent the above. It was received on the day on which the younger completed her ninth year. Surely it cannot be ascribed to vanity, if, in gratitude to a most amiable family, I here preserve verbatim an effort of a child nine years old. I have the more pleasure in doing it, because *I know* them to be her own. R. B.

“Accept, dear Bard, the Muse’s genuine thought,
“And take not ill the tribute of my heart : —
“For thee the laureat wreath of praise I’ll bind ;
“None that have read thy commendable mind
“Can let it pass unnoticed—nor can I—
“For by thy lays I know thy sympathy.” F. P.

ON HEARING OF THE TRANSLATION
OF PART OF
THE FARMER'S BOY,
INTO LATIN;

By the Rev. Mr. C.....

HEY Giles? in what new garb art dresst?
For Lads like you methinks a bold one;
I'm glad to see thee so caresst;
But, hark ye,—don't despise your old one.

Thou'rt not the first by many a Boy
Who've found abroad good friends to own 'em ;
Then, in such Coats have shown their joy,
E'en their *own Fathers* have not known 'em.

Lively and pointed. C. L.

NANCY:

A SONG.

You ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me
presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me?
When we see the Flow'rs bud, don't we look
for the Bloom?
Then, sweetest, attend, while I answer to thee.

2

When we young Men with pastimes the Twi-
light beguile,
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with
joy:
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
You give me a glance; but provokingly coy.

Last Month when wild Strawberries plukt in
the Grove,
Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had
strung;
You gave me the choicest; I hop'd 'twas for
Love;
And I told you my hopes while the Nightin-
gale sung.

Remember the Viper:—'twas close at your
feet,
How you started, and threw yourself into my
arms;
Not a Strawberry there was so ripe nor so
sweet
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your
alarms.

As I pull'd down the clusters of Nuts for my
Fair,

What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bend-
ing bough;

Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as
you.

And was it compassion?—by Heaven 'twas
more!

A telltale betrays you;—that blush on your
cheek.

Then come, dearest Maid, all your trifling
give o'er,

And whisper what Candour will teach you to
speak.

Can you stain my fair Honour with one broken vow?

Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain?
On Truth's honest base let your tenderness
grow:

I swear to be faithful, again and again.

Simply pleasing. C. L.

ROSY HANNAH.

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flow'r,
The grey sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a Hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head :
A rosy Lass approach'd my view ;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam :
The stranger nodded " how d'ye do ! "
And leap'd across the infant stream.

2

The water heedless pass'd away :
With me her glowing image stay'd :
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely Maid.

I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy Moss the wild-Thyme grew;
Nor Moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

3

I met her where the dark Woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale Moon rising gave
New glories to her cloudy train.
From her sweet Cot upon the Moor
Our plighted vows to Heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

This delightful little song is charmingly set to *music* by Mr. ISAAC BLOOMFIELD, the brother to the author. In thus speaking my opinion of the music, I speak, not only my own sentiments, but those of a lady distinguished by her voice, skill, taste, and expression. C. L.

SONG.
THE SHEPHERD
AND
HIS DOG ROVER.

ROVER, awake! the grey Cock crows!
Come shake your coat and go with me!
High in the East the green Hill glows;
And glory crowns our shelt'ring Tree.
The Sheep expect us at the fold:
My faithful Dog, let's haste away,
And in his earliest beams behold,
And hail the source of cheerful day.

2

Half his broad orb o'erlooks the Hill,
And, darting down the Valley flies:
At every casement welcome still;
The golden summons of the skies.

Go, fetch my Staff; and o'er the dews
Let Echo waft thy gladsome voice.
Shall we a cheerful note refuse
When rising Morn proclaims, “rejoice.”

3

Now then we'll start; and thus I'll sling
Our store, a trivial load to bear:
Yet, ere night comes, should hunger sting,
I'll not encroach on *Rover's* share.
The fresh breeze bears its sweets along;
The Lark but chides us while we stay:
Soon shall the Vale repeat my song;
Go brush before, away, away.

This story is indeed, “full of life and vivifying soul.” I
hear this also is set to music by the author's brother. And I
am sure that it is highly suited to musical expression. C. L.

29th Sept. 1801.

HUNTING SONG.

YE darksome Woods where Echo dwells,
Where every bud with freedom swells
To meet the glorious day :
The morning breaks ; again rejoice ;
And with old Ringwood's well-known voice
Bid tuneful Echo play.

2

We come, ye Groves, ye Hills, we come :
The vagrant Fox shall hear his doom,
And dread our jovial train.
The shrill Horn sounds, the courser flies,
While every Sportsman joyful cries,
“ There's Ringwood's voice again.”

Ye Meadows, hail the coming throng;
Ye peaceful Streams that wind along,
Repeat the Hark-away:
Far o'er the Downs, ye Gales that sweep,
The daring Oak that crowns the steep,
The roaring peal convey.

The chiming notes of cheerful Hounds,
Hark! how the hollow Dale resounds;
The sunny Hills how gay.
But where's the note, brave Dog, like thine?
Then urge the Steed, the chorus join,
'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

L U C Y:

A SONG.

THY favourite Bird is soaring still :
My Lucy, haste thee o'er the dale ;
The Stream's let loose, and from the Mill
All silent comes the balmy gale ;
 Yet, so lightly on its way,
 Seems to whisper, " Holiday."

2

The pathway flowers that bending meet
And give the Meads their yellow hue,
The May-bush and the Meadow-sweet
Reserve their fragrance all for you.

 Why then, Lucy, why delay ?
 Let us share the Holiday.

3

Since there thy smiles, my charming Maid,
Are with unfeigned rapture seen,
To Beauty be the homage paid ;
Come, claim the triumph of the Green.

Here's my hand, come, come away ;
Share the merry Holiday..

4

A promise too my Lucy made,
(And shall my heart its claim resign ?)
That ere May-flowers again should fade,
Her heart and hand should both be mine.

Hark 'ye, Lucy, this is May ;
Love shall crown our Holiday.

Lively and interesting. C. L.

WINTER SONG.

1

Dear Boy, throw that Icicle down,
And sweep this deep Snow from the door :
Old Winter comes on with a frown ;
A terrible frown for the poor.
In a Season so rude and forlorn
How can age, how can infancy bear
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare ?

2

Fresh broach'd is my Cask of old Ale,
Well-tim'd now the frost is set in ,
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
We'll make him at home to a pin.

While my Wife and I bask o'er the fire,
The roll of the Seasons will prove,
That Time may diminish desire,
But cannot extinguish true love.

3

O the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandel away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great Orators say;
Though the Wind through the crevices sing,
And Hail down the chimney rebound ;
I'm happier than many a king
While the Bellows blow Bass to the sound.

4

Abundance was never my lot :
But out of the trifles that's given,
That no curse may alight on my Cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven ;

1785 33

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WINTER SONG.

The fool and the slave gather wealth :
But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
I've a Mine that will never grow poor.

This song p'leases by natural and virtuous sentiment, and
all the free emanation of a good heart; though in diction it
might have been a little more select, without injuring sim-
plicity.

C. L.

Oct. 8th, 1801.

THE END.

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